

Turn Me Red

1

I have seen
 maidens turn Love
 on & off
like a blood spigot.
 I have fooled many women
and been called a 'rock.'
 still no answer

2

 how does this all tie together?
is age the wisdom of knowing it doesn't?
 are years wrinkles of self-deception?
 is my life
 a waste of experience?

3

 I yearn for
 a child on my lap.
a woman smiling and relaxed
 next to me.
my need for vitality constantly
 consumed and reborn.
 I yearn for the spigot
 On

gagaku

what strikes this body
 gently sweating
in flannel underarms?

cold sordid yet tender
 vibes

oh holy vibes of daily routine
mimic yesterday
 call tomorrow
vague dull yet
 today

cars are hammers on
 my ears

everything sputters about
me

and I want to give you
the long line
full of baskets
full of
sweet shit and dusk
and totally fragrant plants
and splashing colors
on real petals
and I want to give you all
yet I am limited
by matter

gagaku

I hold the
surface white abalone handle the
chrome blade glitters the
colors red aqua yellow are radiant in the
whiteness of the
handle.

I pick the
knife up in my fist
bring it to your front torso I
love your breast you
have perfect nipples for my aesthetic
need.

I slice down lightly
beginning at your sternum
such a thin slit the
blood comes up like ink a
perfect line
to your navel.

Rising the blood thickens its
line makes you cut in half flaps
opening I peer like a weak
child into you.

you smile.
there is no pain you
are a goddess beyond pain.